THREE

POEMS

Upon the Death of the Late

USURPER

Oliver Cromwel.

Written

By { Mr. *JO. DRYDON.*
Mr. *SPRAT, of* Oxford.
Mr. *EDM. WALLER.*

LONDON:

Printed by *William Wilson*, in the Year, 1659.

And Reprinted for *R. Baldwin*, 1682.

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HEROIQE STANZA'S.

On the Late

USURPER
Oliver Cromwel.

Written after his FUNERAL.

(1)

AND now 'tis time for their Officious haſt,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like *eager Romans*, e're all Rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the *ſacred Eagle* fly.

(2)

Though our beſt notes are treaſon to his fame,
Joyn'd with the loud applauſe of publick voice;
Since Heav'n, what praiſe we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice:

(3)

Though in his praiſe no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his Immmortal Memory,
But do an Act of friendſhip to their own.

(4)

Yet 'tis our duty and our intereſt too,
Such Monuments as we can build to raiſe;

Leſt all the World prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a *Title* in him by their Praiſe.

(5)

How ſhall I then begin or where conclude,
To draw a *Fame* ſo truly *Circular*?
For in a round what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo *equal perfect* are?

(6)

His *Grandeur* he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was Great e're Fortune made him ſo;
And Wars, like miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,
Made him but greater ſeem not greater grow.

(7)

No borrowed Bays his *Temples* did adorn,
But to our *Crown* he did freſh *Jewels* bring,
Nor was his Vertue poyſoned ſoon as born
With the two early thoughts of being King.

(8)

Fortune (that eaſie Miſtreſs of the young,
But to her ancient ſervants coy and hard)
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

(9)

He, private, mark'd the faults of others ſway,
And ſet as *Sea-marks* for himſelf to ſhun;
Not like raſh *Monarchs* who their y outh betray
By Acts their Age too late would wiſh undone,

(10)

And yet *Dominion* was not his deſign,
We owe that bleſſing not to him but Heaven,
Which to fair Acts unſought Rewards did joyn,
Rewnads that leſs to him than us were given

(11) Our

(11)

Our former Cheifs like ſticklers of the War.
Firſt ſought t'inflame the Parties, then to poiſe;
The qnarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor,
And did not ſtrike to hurt but make a noiſe.

(12)

War our conſumption was their gainful trade,
VVe inward bled whilſt they prolong'd our pain:
He fought to end our fighting, and aſſaid
To ſtanch the Blood by breathing of the vein.

(13)

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the Land he paſt,
Like that bold *Greek* who did the Eaſt ſubdue;
And made to Battels ſuch Heroick haſt
As if on wings of Victory he flew

(14)

He fought ſecure of fortune as of fame,
Till by *new Maps* the Iſland might be ſhown,
Of Conqueſts which he ſtrew'd where e're he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is ſown.

(15)

His *Palms* though under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no *Winter* could his *Laurels* fade;
Heav'n in his Portraict ſhew'd a VVorkman's hand
And drew it perfect yet without a ſhade.

(16)

Peace was the Prize of all his toyls and care,
VVhich VVar had baniſh't, and did now reſtore;
Bologna's VVall thus mounted in the Air,
To Seat themſelves more ſurely than before.

(17)

Her ſafty reſcued, *Ireland* to him owes;
And Treacherous *Scotland* to no int'reſt true,

Yet

Yet bleſt that fate which did his Arms diſpoſe,
Her Land to Civilize as to ſubdue.

(18)

Nor was he like thoſe *Stars* which only ſhine,
When to pale *Mariners* they ſtorms portend,
He had his calmer influence; and his Mine
Did Love and Majeſty together blend.

(19)

'Tis true his Count'nance did imprint an awe,
And naturally all Souls to his did bow;
As *Wands* of *Divination* downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

(20)

When paſt all offerings to *Feretrian Jove*
He Mars deſpoſ'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield,
Succeſsful Councels did him ſoon approve
As fit for cloſe *Intrigues*, as open field.

(21)

To ſuppliant *Holland* he vouchſaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival in the *Britiſh Main*,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our Friendſhip with her Idol gain.

(22)

Fame of th' aſſerted Sea through *Europe* blown
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely as for Empire ſtrove.

(16)

No ſooner was the *French mans* canſe embrac'd
Than the light *Mounſire* the grave *Don* outweigh'd,
His fortune turn'd the Scale where it was caſt,
Though *Indian Mines* were in the other laid.

24. when

(24)

When abſent; yet we conquer'd in his right;
For though ſome meaner Artiſt's Skill were ſhown,
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
Yet ſtill the *fair deſignment* was his own.

(25)

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each with its allay he knew;
And as the *Confident* of *Nature*, ſaw
How ſhe Complexions did divide and brew.

(26)

Or he their ſingle vertues did ſurvay
By *intuition* in his own large Breaſt,
Where all the rich *Ideas* of them lay,
That were the Rule and meaſure to the reſt.

(27)

When ſuch *Heroique Vertue* Heaven ſets out,
The Stars like *Commons* ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they ſeldom pay.

(28)

From this high-ſpring our foraign Conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend,
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may aſcend.

(29)

He made us *Freemen* of the *Continent*.
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before,
To nobler prey's the *Engliſh Lyon* ſent,
And taught him firſt in *Belgian walks* to rore.

(30)

That old unqueſtioned Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread, the fate of *Dunkirk* har'd;

And trembling wish't behind more *Alpes* to stand,
Although an *Alexander* were her guard.

(31)

By his command we boldly croſt the Line,
And bravely fought where *Southern Stars* arise,
We trac'd the far fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our prize.

(32)

Such was our Prince; yet own'd a Soul above
The higheſt Acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor *Mechanique Arts* in publick move
Whilſt the deep Secrets beyond practice go.

(33)

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went leſs,
But when freſh Lawrels courted him to live;
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new ſucceſs;
As if above what triumphs Earth can give.

(34)

His lateſt Victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As, near the *Center*, *Motion* does increaſe;
Till he preſs'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the *Veſtal*, under Spoils deceaſe.

(35)

But firſt the *Ocean* as a tribute ſent
That Giant *Prince* of all her watery Heard,
And th' *Iſle* when her *Protecting Genius* went
Upon his *Obſequies* loud ſighs conferr'd.

(36)

No Civil broyls have ſince his death aroſe,
But *Faction* now by habit does obey:
And *Wars* have that reſpect for his repoſe,
As *Winds* for *Halcyons* when they breed at Sea.

37. His

His Aſhes in a peaceful Urn ſhall reſt,
His Name a great example ſtands to ſhow
How ſtrangely high endeavours may be bleſt,
Where *Piety* and *Valour* joyntly go.

To the Reverend

Dr. WILKINS

WARDEN

OF

WADHAM COLLEDGE

IN

OXFORD.

SIR,

SEeing you are pleas'd to think fit that these Papers should come into the publick, which were at first design'd to live only in a Desk, or some private friends hands; I humbly take the boldness to commit them to the Security which your name and protection will give them with the most knowing part of the world. There are two things especially in which they stand in need of your defence. One is, that they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way of writing free of our Nation: The other, that they are so little proportion'd and equal to the renown of that Prince on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives deserving rather to be the Subjects of the Noblest Pens and

most

most Divine Phansies, than of such small beginners and weak essayers in Poetry, as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other shield than the universal Esteem and Authority, which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only upon the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the General favour which all Artists receive from you; but more peculiarly by reason of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate my self to your service. For, having been a long time the object of your care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my studies and fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own hands, and form'd under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meaness produces, would not only be injustice, but sacrilege. So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, and which deserves Pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted and

Obliged Servant.

S

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the Late

USURPER

Oliver Cromwel

Pindarick Odes.

(1)

'Tis true, Great Name thou art secure
From the forgetfulness and Rage
Of Death or Envy, or devouring Age.
Thou canst the force and teeth of Time endure.
Thy Fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of it self turn whiter too
Without what needless Art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy Hearse,
Though it were never heard or sung in verse.
Without our help, thy Memory is safe;
They only want an Epitaph,

That

That does remain alone
Alive in an Inſcription
Remembred only on the Braſs or Marble Stone.
'Tis all in vain what we for thee can do,
All our Roſes and Perfumes
Will but officious folly ſhew,
And pious Nothings to ſuch mighty Tombs.
All our Incenſe, Gums and Balm
Are but unneceſſary duties here:
The Poets may their ſpices ſpare
Their coſtly Numbers and their tuneful feet:
That need not be inbalm'd, which of it ſelf is ſweet.

(2)

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our Obedience and our Love:
For when the Sun and Fire meet,
Th' ones extinguiſh't quite;
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that writ of Thee and joyn
Their feeble names With Thine,
Their weaker ſparks with thy Illuſtrious light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought,
And yet no Flame to thee from them be brought.
We know, bleſt Spirit, thy mighty name
Wants not Addition of another's Beam;
It's for our Pens too high and full of Theam.
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them.
Thy Fames eternal Lamp will live
And in thy Sacred Urn ſurvive,
Without the food or Oyl, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our Songs
Duty Commands our Tongues,

Though

Though thou want not our praiſes, we
Are not excuſ'd for what we owe to thee:
For ſo men from Religion are not freed.
But, from the Altars, Cloud muſt riſe,
Though Heaven it ſelf doth nothing need;
And though the Gods don't want, an Earthly Sacrifice.

(3)

Great life of Wonders, whoſe each year
Full of new Miracles did appear!
Whoſe every Month might be,
Alone a Chronicle or a Hiſtory!
Others great Actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, all but one ſingle Star:
But thine the Milky way,
All one continued light, and undiſtinguiſh't day.
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that nought elſe could be ſeen.
Scarce any common Sky did come between.
What ſhall I ſay, or where begin?
Thou mayeſt in double Shapes be ſhown;
Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown.
Like *Jove* ſometime with Warlike Thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in thy hand,
Or in the Field, or on the Throne;
In what thy Head, or what thy Arm hath done.
All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of Subſtance, and ſo ſtrongly joyn'd;
So pure, ſo weighty Gold,
That the leaſt grain of it,
If fully ſpread and beat,
Would many leaves, and mighty volumes hold.

(4)

Before thy name was publiſh't, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thy ſelf wert great ;
Whilſt yet thy happy Bud
Was not quite ſeen, or underſtood ;
It then ſure ſigns of future greatneſs ſhew'd ;
Then thy domeſtick worth
Did tell the World, what it would be
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full Spring ſhould call it forth.
As bodies, in the Dark and Night,
Have the ſame Colours, the ſame Red and VVhite,
As in the open day and Light ;
The Sun doth only ſhow
That they are bright, not make them ſo :
So whilſt, but private Walls did know
What we to ſuch a Mighty mind ſhould owe :
Then the ſame vertues did appear
Though in a leſs, and more Contracted Sphear ;
As full, though not as large as ſince they were.
And like great Rivers, Fountains, though
At firſt ſo deep, thou didſt not go ;
Though then thine was not ſo inlarg'd a flood
Yet when 'twas Little, 'twas as clear as good.

(5)

'Tis true, thou waſt not born unto a Crown,
The Scepter's not thy Fathers, but thy own.
Thy Purple was not made at once in haſte,
But after many other colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt Princely Dye at laſt.

Thou

Thou didſt begin with leſſer Cares
And private Thoughts took up thy private Years:
Thoſe hands which were ordain'd by Fates
To change the World, and alter States,
Practic'd, at firſt, that vaſt deſign
On meaner things, with equal mind.
That Soul, which ſhould ſo many Scepters ſway,
To whom ſo many Kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a Domeſtick way:
So Government, it ſelf began
From Family, and ſingle Man,
Was by the ſmall relations firſt
Of Husband and of Father nurſt
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread it ſelf, o're all the World at laſt.

(6)

But when thy Country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy Vertues and thy Courage call'd,
When *England* did thy Arms intreat
And t'had been ſin in thee, not to be great;
When every Stream, and every Flood,
Was a true vein of Earth, and ran with blood,
When unus'd Arms, and unknown War,
Fill'd every place, and every Ear;
When the great Storms and diſmal Night
Did all the Land affright;
'Twas time for thee, to bring forth all our Light.
Thou left'ſt thy more delightful Peace
Thy Private life and better eaſe;
Then down thy Steel and Armor took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the hook;

When death had got a large Commiſſion out
Throwing her Arrows and her Stings about;
Then thou(as once the healing Serpent roſe)
Was't lifted up, not for thy ſelf but us.

(7)

Thy Country wounded 'twas, and ſick before,
Thy Wars and Arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the diſeaſe did lye
And like the Cure of Simpathy,
Thy ſtrong and certain Remedy
Unto the Weapon didſt apply,
Thou didſt not draw the Sword, and ſo
Away the Scabbard throw;
As if thy Country ſhou'd
Be the inheritance of Mars and Blood;
But that when the great work was ſpun
War in it ſelf ſhould be undone:
That Peace might land again upon the ſhore
Richer and better than before.
The Husbandman no Steel ſhould know
None but the uſeful Iron of the Plow;
That bays might creep on every Spear.
And though our Sky was over-ſpread
With a deſtructive Red,
'Twas but till thou, our Sun, didſt in full light appear.

(8)

When *Ajax* dyed, the Purple Blood
That from his Gaping Wounds had flow'd
Turn'd into Letters, every Leaf
Had on it writ his Epitaph:

So

So from that Crimſon Flood
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to Shed
Letters and Learning roſe, and were renew'd.
Thou fought'ſt not out of Envy, Hope or Hate,
But to refine the Church and State;
And like the Romans, what er'e thou
In the Field of Mars didſt mow,
Was, that a holy Iſland thence might grow.
Thy Wars, as Rivers raiſed by a Shour
Which Welcome louds do pour;
Though they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away, with and inraged Stream
Yet did not happen, that they might deſtroy
Or the better parts annoy;
But all the filth and Mud to ſcower
And leave behind a Richer Slime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

(9)

In Field unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in Battels, and in Arms excel,
That Steelly Arms themſelves might be
Worn out in War as ſoon as thee.
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy Troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquered Fate;
As if uncertain Victory
Had been firſt overcome by thee;
As if her wings were clipt and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve.
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumph'ſt thy ſelf and mad'ſt them Triumph too:

Though

Though they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher ſphear,
Thou the Great Sun, gav'ſt light to every Star.
Thy ſelf an Army wert alone,
And mighty Troops contain'dſt in one:
Thy only Sword did guard the Land
Like that which flaming in the Angels hand
From Men God's Garden did defend:
But yet thy Sword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this Land a Paradiſe.

(10)

Thou fought'ſt not to be high or great,
Not for a Scepter or a Krown,
Or Ermyne, Purple or the Throne;
But as the Veſtal heat
Thy Fire was kindled from above alone.
Religion putting on thy ſhield
Brought thee Victorious to the Field:
Thy Arms like thoſe which ancient Hero's wore
VVere given by the God thou didſt adore:
And all the Swords, thy Armies had
Were on an Heavenly Anvil made.
Not Int'reſt, or any weak deſire
Of Rule, or Empire, did thy mind inſpire;
Thy valour like the holy Fire,
Which did before the Perſian Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was ſacred too.
Thy mighty Sword anticipates
VVhat was reſerv'd for Heaven, and thoſe bleſt Seats
And makes the Church triumphant here below.

(11)

Though Fortune did not hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Though Fortune for thy ſide, and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Inconſtancy;
Amidſt thy Arms and Trophies Thou
Wert Valiant, and Gentle too;
Wounded'ſt thy ſelf, when thou didſt kill thy Foe.
Like Steel, when it much work hath paſt
That which was rough doth ſhine at laſt;
Thy Arms by being oftner us'd, did ſmoother grow;
Nor did thy Battels make thee proud or high;
Thy Conqueſt rais'd the State not thee:
Thou overcame'ſt thy ſelf in every Victory.
As when the Sun in a directer line
Upon a Poliſh'd Golden Shield doth ſhine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light;
So when the Heavens ſmil'd on the in Fight,
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs and Victory to thy Tent;
To Heaven again the Victory was ſent.

(12)

England, till thou didſt come,
Confin'd her Valour home;
Then onr own Rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our Fame as well as Land;
And were to us as well
As to our Enemies unpaſſible:
We were aſham'd, at what we read;
And bluſh't at what our Fathers did;

Becauſe

Becauſe we came ſo far behind the dead.
The Britiſh Lyon hung his Main and droopt,
To ſlavery and burthens ſtoopt,
With a degenerate ſleep, and Fear
Lay in his Den and languiſh't there;
At whoſe leaſt voice before
A trembling Eccho ran through every Shore,
And ſhook the World at every Rore.
Thou his ſubdued Courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his Claws, and in his Eyes
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadful Lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again afright the neighbouring Floods
His mighty Thunder ſound through all the woods.
Thou haſt our Military Fame redeem'd
Which was loſt, or Clouded ſeem'd,
Nay more, Heaven did by thee beſtow
On us at once an Iron Age, and Happy too.

(13)

Till thou Command'ſt, that Azure Chains of Waves
Which Nature round about us ſent
Made us to every Pirate ſlaves,
Was rather burden than an Ornament.
Thoſe fields of Sea that waſht our ſhores
Were plow'd and reap'd, by other hands than ours.
To us the Liquid Maſs
Which doth about us run
As it is to the Sun,
Only a Bed to ſleep in was.
And not, as now, a powerful throne
To ſhake and ſway, the World Thereon.
Our Princes in their hand a Globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one

Compos'd of Earth and Water too.
But thy Command the Floods obey'd;
Thou all the Wilderneſs of Water ſway'd;
Thou didſt but only Wed the Sea
Not make her equal, but a ſlave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy Yoke,
Stooped and trembled at thy Stroke:
He that ruled all the Main
Acknowledg'd thee his Soveraign.
And now the Conquer'd Sea doth pay
More Tribute to thy Thames; than that unto the Sea.

(14)

Till now our Valour did our ſelves more hurt;
Our Wounds to other Nations were a ſport;
And as the Earth, our Land produced
Iron and Steel which ſhould to tear our ſelves be
(uſed.
Our Strength within it ſelf did break,
Like Thundering-Cannons Crack,
And kill thoſe that were nere;
While the Enemies ſecur'd and untouch't were.
But now our Trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt our Enemies Walls in Foraign-ground,
And yet no Eccho back on us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful Iſle,
And all the World the while
Is exerciſing Arms and Wars
With forraign or Inteſtine Jars.
The Torch extinguiſh't here, we lend to others Oyl,
We give to all, yet know our ſelves no fear,
We reach the Flame of ruine and of death
Where e're we pleaſe Our Swords t'unſheath.

hilſt we in calm and temperate Regions breath.
Like to the Sun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every corner of the World;
Whoſe Flame through all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himſelf the while no fire doth know.

(15)

Beſides the Glories of thy peace
Are not in number, nor in value leſs;
Thy hand did Cure and cloſe the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars;
Not only Lanc'd, but heal'd the Wound;
Made us again, as healthy and as ſound.
When now the Ship was well nigh loſt
After the Storm upon the Coaſt,
By its Mariners endanger'd moſt;
When they their Ropes and Helms had left,
When the Planks aſunder cleft,
And Floods came roaring in with mighty ſound;
Thou a ſafe Land, and Harbour for us found,
And ſavedſt thoſe that would themſelves have drown'd.
A work which none but Heaven and thee could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy whe're we would or no:
Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe Vertues only in thy mind had ſeat.
Thy Piety not only in the Field but Peace,
When Heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt.
Thy Temples not like *Janus's* only were
Open in time of VVar:
VVhen thou hadſt greater cauſe of fear
Religion and the Awe of Heaven poſſeſt,
All places and all times alike, thy Breaſt.

16. Nor

Nor didſt thou only for thy Age provide,
But for the years to come beſide,
Our after-times, and late poſterity
Shall pay unto thy Fame, as much as we;
They too, are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy Mortal work was done,
When Heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gon:
Thou him to bear thy burthen choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs:
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin;
Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind.
'Tis He ſhall perfect all thy Cures
And, with as fine a Thread, weave out thy Loom.
So, One did bring the Choſen people from
Their Slavery and Fears,
Led them through their Pathleſs Road,
Guided himſelf by God,
He brought them to the Borders: but a Second hand
Did ſettle and Secure them, in the Promis'd Land.

UPON THE LATE STORM, AND DEATH Of the Late USURPER Oliver Cromwel

Enſuing the ſame.

By Mr. *Waller.*

WE muſt reſign; Heav'n His great Soul do's claim
In ſtorms as loud, as His *Immortal Fame*;
His dying *groans*, his laſt *Breath* ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for His *Funeral Pile*,
About His palace their broad Roots are toſt
Into the Air; So *Romulus* was loſt:
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt mis't their King,
And from *Obeying* fell to *Worſhipping*.

On

On *Oeta*'s top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
With ruin'd Okes and Pines about him ſpread:
The Poplar too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his Victorious Head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the *Mountain* rent,
Our dying *Hero*, from the *Continent*,
Raviſh'd whole *Towns*; and *Forts* from *Spaniards* reft,
As his laſt Legacy to *Britain* left.
The *Ocean* which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to His *vaſter mind*;
Our Bounds *inlargement* was his lateſt toyl;
Nor hath he left us *Priſoners* to our *Iſle*;
Under the *Tropick* is our language ſpoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our yoke.
From Civil Broils he did us diſingage,
Found nobler objects for our Martial rage;
And with wiſe *Conduct* to his Country ſhow'd
Their Ancient way of conquering *abroad*.
Ungrateful then, if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too;
Princes that fear'd him, *grieve*, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her ſelf took notice of his death,
And *ſighing* ſwel'd the Sea with ſuch a breath
That to remoteſt Shores her Billows rold,
Th' approaching Fate of her *great-Ruler* told.

FINIS.